

John, 2,14

Shivaree

It's so romantic
The neighborhood's littered with white gloves
The flowers were hand picked
They're taping up paper doves
And it's hard to think
When everything's red and pink
It's hard to eat
When everything's sweet I guess it's just the perfect time to send some roses
And touch their noses
And buy them things
Because it's such a tender time for all the ladies
With all those babies
Wearing their wings
Could you be mine
And hot-stuff and maybe and foxy and fine Swallow your red-hots
And order the fancy wine
And if you please
Just bring me some honey I'll send for the bees
You throw your rice
It feeds the mice
I guess it's just the perfect time to send some roses
And touch their noses
And buy them things Because it's such a tender time for all the ladies
With all those babies
Wearing their wings
You've gotta run
They hate it when you're too quiet
And it's always fun
To close up until they buy it

Songwriters

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